DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY.

Business Office Die B. Main Street. Washington Bureau...... 326.7 Munsey Building. omy, we have not thought it approto make the people engaged in it
Manchester Bureau 1102 Hull Street.
Petersburg Bureau 40 N. Sycamore St.
silent. Kindly, yet with the firmness nize the fact that it is a sort of gam-

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Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1907.

What matters it how happy or unhappy we have been, if we have minded our business and advanced our affairs. —Thorean.

OUR CURRENCY SYSTEM. The Secretary of the Treasury is urg

or the national banks to take out more circulation in order to meet the deds for currency. But why should the banks need to be urged to do this? them to issue notes under the present sued, they do not adequately meet money, but credit, that is e banks to make loans is exhausted. serves, says Mr. Ruhlee, the true cur to keep their reserves at such demands of business men for gives him credit as a depositor, and ank to the amount of the loan; and by check, the creation of bank currency. Of course, a bank must alcalled the reserve, to meet ne-fourth of the amount of deposits. for they are merely promises to pay.

ies that national bank notes do not Their issue is not determined by the standers for miles. practically impossible to retire them in the amount of credit available. This results from the supply of bank notes for circulation in place of lawful money, and the keeping of the lawful be used as a basis of credit. A good them. Pie-connoisseurs, cas system of currency would provide for ing through this State, after taking the issuance of bank notes when there one delighted bite, have always teleis a demand for them, and for their graphed for their wives and childrenretirement as fast as the demand and have thereafter made their homes abates. Every man familiar with the with us. Even ple-amateurs from Bosfacts knows that national bank notes ton, Nashville, Norfolk, Montgomery do not fulfill such conditions ude- and Houston, stepping into the Richquately. As a consequence, we have a steady flow of bank notes when business is active, but in the slack seasor the notes are not withdrawn from circulation, and lawful money piles up in the banks, is loaned on call at a low terday that there was a conspiracy by rate of interest, and speculation is the cyster pirates against the Virginia encouraged. When, on the other hand, State fleet, used to repress their deprethe people again need more currency dations and to secure from them som the banks are unable to pay out notes obedience to the law. The story had instead of lawful money, because their own notes are already out in circulation. Nor can they issue an adequate supply of new notes, because so many and deep which the oyster thieves are already outstanding they can only issue new notes gradually. So they are their depredations. Of all the preda-obliged to pay out lawful money; the tory wealth-hunters that exist in this reserves dwindle; credit becomes tight, country, there are none more preda-

and interest rates soar. for credit notes, amply secured and country that the laws, inefficient and heavily taxed, so that they will naturally flow into the channels of trade mocked at by the oystermen. and as naturally flow back to the bank mulation of oysters on the bottom of If we had such a system currency a reef, are plundered in season and As it is, in times of great emergency ers. The oysters are sold beyond the banks are compelled to issue clearing State, and the syster grounds of Delabouse certificates, which are nothing. issuance is so extraordinary that it Virginia waters. The revenue that the always excites more or less apprehen-

This question has been agitated since declared in favor of a repeal of the prohibitory tax on State bank issues, out as yet no measure has been adopted to give the country an "clastic" currency. But recent events will force it pon the attention of Congress, and it the farmers are allye to their own in- great that agriculture labor in that terests, they will take a leading part in the movement for reform.

Conservative, modest and reticent as The Times-Dispatch has always contemporaries have assailed the emin- make as much grain as they consume. ence of Virginia in the arts of gastron silent Kindly, yet with the them aright. Their filmsy rejoinders, can make enough money in a few 55 ship pie-belt of the world, have been year. The balance of the said thrifties walk about in a careless and thrifties way. guiled from the stress of finance, which has ever been their chief char-

Montgomery Advertiser requires no managed by the State. comment. It is simply a vague general denial of the ple supremacy of Virginia, and its signal dearth of argument shows too plainly that the writer the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, it is however, betray so much they cannot pleasurably receive even

The bombastic claims of Boston, quality, and not quantity, is the true her in the face. York, in the current issue of Collier's criterion in dietetic rivalry. Boston's Weekly. Mr. Ruhlee first points out aspirations fall with a thud at which that a money stringency does not mean the old South meeting house rocks upon its foundations. Boston is a town where pie has supplanted beefsteak as Virginia, pie-eating is the treat of the connoisseur. In Boston it is the taste is long dead in that town. They cannot tell mince from apple without

> long been shunned as a desperate outparts tell us, however, that these ples. for the local market, one dozen to a quently explode with a terrific din, devastating whole blocks and assassi-

The pies of old Virginia need, and will receive, no exploitation here. They have stood for centuries in a class altogether by themselves. The magnificent tributes paid them by Dr. Wiley other famous authorities are in the text-books, where any one may read mond restaurants to scoff, have invariably remained to pay.

THE STATE'S OYSTER INTEREST. It was reported in this paper yes-

an "ancient and fish-like smell," but it no doubt reflected the curses loud utter against any interference with their depredations. Of all the preda The real demand of the situation is State lands. It is said in the oyster unsatisfactory in themselves, are when there is an extraordinary demand, natural rock, which means the accufor retirement as the demand slackens. the river until they become almost like famines, so called, would be unknown out of season by tongmen and dredg

State gets is insignificant compared with what it should receive.

oyster business which is most serious to the whole Tidewater country, and it arises from the extraordinary amount of money which can be made by the ordinary able-bodied oysterman from the State oyster grounds. This is so whole country is utterly demoralized. There is no disposition to cultivate

There is another feature to the

the ground when more money can be and are warranted to kill at forty

made by taking the oysters from the State. As a consequence, some of the counties on the Bay shore do not make as much grain as they consume. The effect of this cyster industry is to make the people engaged in it in Newport. when misinformed or malicious the countles on the Bay shore do not

There is no doubt about the fact might smile at the unconscious humor that our oyster laws need a complete overhauling, both on account of the economic possibilities of oyster cul-Of the two such paragraphs repro- thre and of the demoralizing influence duced here to-day, that' from the of the State lands as they are now

Several weeks ago a young woman residing at Hot Springs, Va., advertised Her mail broke the record Persons wishing to communicate with The leg to stand on. With the article from at the village post-office, and threat bigotry and animosity, as well as public through the want columns of dismissed as of no importance. The would pay \$5 per week for a woman to cook for a family of two.

of the American of that city conse- supply of good servants is growing ha-ha of pity. Boston's aspirations to ing up with the demand, and if there the pie-pennant seem at first glance is no change for the better, Richmond more reasonable to the uninitiated, may wake up some gloomy morning entire subject is admirably But when it is remembered that to find a servant-girl famine staring

The Times-Dispatch will gladly open its columns to the housekeepers of the subject.

THE NEGRO EXHIBIT.

It is reported that the exhibits in the Negro Building at the Jamestown Exand permanently preserved. We hope Building is one of the most attractive is a pig-iron constitution. in the Exposition Grounds, and the exhibits are a fine tribute to the skill the Houston Post, the less said the and enterprise of the negro race. They never been officially recognized; it has the State capital and kept there as a valuable object lesson and an incentive

Down in Texas, according to the always unreliable Houston Post, it takes a bushel of sweet potatocs to weigh twenty pounds. While the Texas aweet potatoes are not quite as large as the marrowfat peas of Old Virginia, they are remarkably quick on the trigger,

The editor of the Birmingham News is receiving many congratulations for his successful fight for prohibition in which gets you home his native town. Just what position he will accept in New York next week has not yet been announced.

When wee lines race

A Chicago muckraker, so the Atlanta Journal tolls us, declares that "Methuselah never saw the day he was 989 years old." Well, maybe the old gentleman's birthday came in the night.

Furthermore, the babriggans of Royal Richmond are eight times as bally as those of Mischlevous Manhat-tan and eleves times as brigandish as those of Hoodlumish Houston.

"St. Petersburg has the reputation of being the unhealthlest city in Europe," says the Atlanta Georgian. Yes, indeed; the grand ducal set vow that it is positively deadly.

Thanksgiving is coming on rapidly, apparently upconscious of the fact that the cost of living is hiding at the bend of the road waiting to give it a fierce bat in the eye.

And muse: "My dimer than a fine that the bend of the road waiting to give it a fierce bat in the eye.

MERELY

Mr. Roosevelt crushes the malefactors of great wealth against the wall. Mr. Cortelyou pads the wall and gently detaches the malefactors. It is a pretty, pretty game.

At this rate, it can't be long before the whole South is as dry as the Con-gressional Record with Mrs. Beveridge sitting in the gallery.

Now it is asserted that cannibalism is practiced among the Eskimos of the far North. However, what does Walter Wellman care?

Mr. Morgan boldly admonishes the depositors of New York to keep their heads, that being about all they have left.

to be manufactured. However, immi-gration to this country continues heavy.

Politicians still talk of the Taft Boom, but with the lowered tones in which one speaks of the dead. As we understand Mr. Roosevelt, he

Then what's the matte r with Pier Morgan as next Secretary of the Treas ury, Mr. Roosevelt?

Football isn't even killing enough to keep the railroads jealous.

People who put on a good deal are beginning to do it.

Rhymes for To-Day.

MAKE my rhyme
This hit-off sort
Because my time
Is dooded short.

When wee lines race Along sublime And fill the space In half the time?

Upon a bard, Not by his foot But by the yard.

And he gets praise Not for his strength, But Wordsworth-ways-I. e., by length.

And muse: "My dink-

MEBELY JORING

Two Systems. Haoo: "I see Australian jewelers rent eugsgement rings to their customers." Exhert: "I can't see that they've got allything on its over here." Becon: "Why not?" Eghert: "Well, the Australian girl has the chance of getting the same ring several times from different men, and over here the same man his the opportunity of using the ring on different girls."—Yonkers Statesman.

What He Wanted.

A very baldheaded man went into the bar-ber-shop in the American House in our town and, plumping himself down in the chair,

sold:
"Hairout!"
Ed., the barber, looked at him a moment,

The Bore.

"I would I were a star!" he chirped.

The fair mid yawned and sighed.

"I would you were a comet, sir!"

She candidly replied.

"Oh, tell me why, my pretty miss."

The answer burned his ears:

"Because, you know, a comet comes

"But once in thirty years."

—Chicago News.

Nell: "I don't see why you call her ful I thought she was paying you a

Belle: "O! you don't know her!" Nell: "Why, didn't she tell you yo locking quite yourself_again?"
Belle: "She said quite my 'nid self," with
the accent on the adjective."—The Catholic
Standard and Times.

Spreastle,

"And now," said the good, kind lady to
Wayside Wagsles, "I'm going to give you a
whole dime. But first you must promise me
that you won't spend it for drink."

"No, indeed, mum," replied Wayside
Wayside, as he doffed his hat. "I'll buy
mining or railroad stocks with it."—Milwaukee Sentine!,

a the Asylum

Now Jones was in a padded cell,
But Smith, he had an added

Insanity—so mad was he

He had his brain-cells padded!

—Puck.

THAT PIE CONTROVERSY. Norfolk Paper Makes Absurd Denial of Virginia's Eminence.

Virginia's Eminence.

Now the Houston Poet is throwing a chest on the ground that a Texas editor is the champion pumpkin ple eater of the world. We are again compelled to remind our estcemed but erring contemporary that the Texas ple, because it is insignificant size, its low-born ingredients and its treacherous manners and customs, has never been recognized on any standard ple circuit in the world.—Timer-Dispatch.

One of the saddast tendencies of

ners and customs, has never been recognized on any standard pile directif in the world—Timer-Dispatch.

One of the saddast endencies of modern journalism is the eagerness of a goodly propertion of the editors to pronounce uncompromising judgments on the things they know least about The Texas scribe has the knowl degree of the singular and he can speak with a modern for the lattice and he can speak with a modern for the lattice and he can speak with a modern for the lattice and he can speak with a modern for the lattice and he can speak with a degree of the modern for the lattice and he can speak with a degree of the modern for the subject one it was no reason why Mrs. Price should grin like a Cheshire cat. But then he laughed heartly, grass of tastless pulp which they mistake for melons in that benighted suburb of God's country. So, too, our Henrice Contemporary if addressing almself to the merits of Jeems River catish or the interface of the money from the unperexcellence of a possum caught in the first quarter of the money from the Chickahominy swamp, by a Hanver competent daying and solves of the sudding and solves consistutions at the yeard. Mrs. Price, as well as not often really angered. He was n

They never tasted one. The pumpking ple is as purely and solely a Yanker menopoly as a fried chicken and corn pudding are sole products of the South Our contemporaries are talking about something on which, if it were possible, each is more crassly incompet nit to pass than the other—Norfoik Virginian-Pilot.

Montgomery Still Unreconstructed. Becaue the Boston Globe boasts of Now England ples the Richmond Times-Dispatch r ars up and roas. It declares that it will not argue with a newspaper that caus ples for break fast, and then proceeds to dilate on the ples of Virginia as if they were the whole thing. What's the use wastand promptly answered. The present ple." So a man whose gastronomics are in the condition intrined by nature is slways prepared to absorb the present ple and stand sponsor for its excellence. We raisse to admit that Virginia or any other State has a monopoly or superiority over the read of creation in this respect, much as its newspapers boast of it.—Montgomery Acteriser.

Jack Schoolbey boasts of the South He was seeking to hold ble was seeking to blek up to ble was seeking to hold the mark, and already beginning to the mark and already beginning to the best of the best business that the was what he sald to Dick again and again. "Stick to it; put your back that the sald to Dick again and again. "Stick to it; put your back that the sald to Dick again and again. "Stick to it; put your back the seemen and seemen

The Soug the Engine Sings.

(Raspectfully dedicated to the Railroad Y. M. C. A., Roanoke, Va.)
Oh! what is the song of the rail,
And what the words the engine sings?
Is it a tale of joy, or wall?—
Hark! the refrain the bell outrings—
"Gospel! Gospel! Gospel!"

"Your life's not what it ought to he—
"Tis true—choo-choo—'tis true!"
So the exhaust e'er sings to me,
"You'll rue—choo-choo-you'll rue!
A knell! A knell! A knell!"

Sadly I work, my heart is full;
"You're blue—choo-choo—you're blue;
Your sins shall be as white as wool,
I woo—choo-choo—I wool
Get well! Get well!" I seek the light, I search for God-"He's true-choo-choo-He's true!" My soul His goodress wants to laud-"You do-choo-choo-you do! I will! I will! I will!"

Yes, back to God, from whence I came!
"You yow—choo-choo—you yow!"
Oh! sweet peace through Christ's own
name!
"I know—choo-choo—I know!— "I know_choe-choe—I know!—
Sweet bell! Sweet bell! Sweet
bell!"

So these the words the engine sings.
And this the song the bell outrings:
"Cleanse from your soul the sinful
things,
Drink from the well whence healing

christ's welli Christ's welli Christ's welli" THEODORE LOW.

HILLRISE

By W. B. MAXWELL,

Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.

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something spacious and awe-produc-

No—not what one could call really grows."

Of course Mr. Crunden would not walt. He must see the wretched document now, here, this very minute.

Then there would be an oppressive silence. The father had laid down his pipe, was sitting in the candio-light at his bureau solomnly reading; the son had plunged his hands in his trousers' pockets, was looking at the coiling or making facetious grimaces at his young sister; mamma, miserably uncomfortable, was warning Dick by raised finger and moving lips to refran from 'moudence and to bear reproof patiently; Mrs. Price, softly clearing the supper table, was too brave to hurry through her task and get safely away to the kitchen, although she might think that a domestic earthquake was coming.

"Well," said Mr. Crunden at last, turning from the bureau and facing his son; "well, what have you get to say for yoursoff"

"Oh!" said Dick. with real or affected and the same of the same of the perhaps page for a little while looked quite terrible. He was a short. The perhaps page for a little while looked quite terrible. He was a short sturdy man—a square block of a man, seeming strong and hard as one of his bricks set on end. He has stiff, grey eyebrows, a broad nose, and a stiff, short beard. His dark hair had gone grey, but, although he was fifty, it remained thick and strong still when he frowned as he was frowning and, in the shadow beneath, his keen grey eyes were almost lost, Yet he

CHAPTER I. | was not really angry, even now—in spite of the report. | Systematic, persistent slacking—that was Dick's report term after term.

Crunden were full of Hill Risessis comething spacious and swe-productive, opening out before you, leading you upward to thoughts of grandeur and mystery.

She would wake and look at it from her bedroom window of a summer morning, and childiship brood on the magnificence of the prospectify of the morning and childiship brood on the magnificence of the prospectify of the morning and childiship brood on the magnificence of the prospectify of the morning and childiship brood on the magnificence of the prospectify of the morning of the morning and the next property of the stately trees in the grounds of Hill House, where lived the great Sir John. This was Lizzie's view of it, and Lizzie foll thereif a happy include it is attactly trees in the grounds of Hill House, where he was closed by the stately trees in the grounds of Hill House, which is attack with the state of the special of

of beauty—unusually so—really and truly."

Miss Blackburn was nothing if not genteel. She had taught in several of the best houses in Medford—the Beaumonts', the Granvilles', etc., of Hill Rise—and she offered this confidentially flattering opinion with a tone of authority. Mr. Crunden showed something of a wry face at the compliment, and made allowance for what he termed Miss Blackburn's buttering way.

But, in sober truth, his daughter was a pretty, winning child. Her brown hair was soft and wavy, making a full, wide mane under the large ribben bow behind; her complexion was delicate, and the color came and went quickly beneath the smooth skin; her nose was long and thin and straight; she had fairly marked eyebrows, and good gray eyes, with lots of childish fun always ready to shine in them. Her manner to visitors was shyly caressing, and to her family affectionately exacting.

o her family affectionately exacting.

"Never mind about her tooks," said papa rather gruffly. "Does she mind her task, Miss Blackburn? That's what I think about." And as he glanced at Lizzle, sitting out of earshot, it was plain that he did think of the other things also, though he might not confess as much.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

Always remember that I keep Always remember that I keep your pattern, and that the next suit will be even better than the last one was. ast one was.

Schnurman Said It KEREKERERERERERERERERERE

Famous Words of Famous Men. (Copyright, 1907, by the Globe Newspaper Co.)



Century Magazine for May, 1839. " was half-way up the steps," he con-tinues, "from the cabin to the main

made me jump."

In a similar modest strain Admiral

hoodoo," says this unknown his-torian, on the spot, "but I guess 'old

own story-teller. "Hardly had he left the bridge when a Spanish shell ripped up the pilot house. The captain afterward stood on the conningtower bridge, as cool as charity,

gayly as brides to the altar," says Admiral Philip himself. The Texas had singled out the Maria Teresa. mistaking that ship for the Viscaya, as its especial charge, at the opening of the struggles. Her huge battle-flags, swinging from her peaks, put the officers of the Texas in mind of one important duty that had been

Where are our battle-flags? cried Lieutenant Hellner. For the

of actual conflict

its appropriate place.

"I guess," said Captain Philip, "there will be no misconception in regard to our being in the fight." "But what's a battle without bat-tle-flagss, sir?" rejoined Lieutenant Heilner, and this especial equipment of the Texas was soon unfuried in

By 10:30 o'clock two of the Span-Teresa, had been driven ashore and were both on fire. The Texas, in company with the Brooklyn and the Oregon, thereupon made chase for the Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon the two remaining Spaniards that were making their way westward. that were keeping well in-e. The Indiana, the Iowa, and shore. the little Gloucester remained near the Viscaya and the Maria Teresa for a short time. But the entire fleet, with the flagship New York, which had steamed up from Siboney upon hearing the firing, were al soon in pursuit of the remainder of the enemy's vessels. All of the ships in the race were put to their extremest speed tests. The Oquendo in distress, was seen to make for the shore. At 11:05 the red and yellow flag of the third of the Span. ish ships to strike its colors was lowered, and the Texas "swung in

"In a moment," says the correspondent, "there was a mighty ex-plosion on board of the Oquendo, and our boys set up a cheer. Captain Philip, from the bridge, immediately "Don't cheer, boys! The poor devils are dying!"

"Don't Cheer, Boys! The Poor Devils Are Dying!" Captain JOHN W. PHILIP, U. S. N., July 3, 1898. over Captain Philip," says the ship's

minutes after said Admiral command of U. S. battleship Texas, the first craft of its class navy, in his own description of the

Santiago de Cuba, leck, when the electric gongs, sound ing the general alarm, smote my ears with such fierceness that it

cape,' was the reading of the signal flags of the Texas, and officers and men were hurrying to their respec tive stations in time of action, the officers who were off duty at the moment buckling on their sword belts as they ran." Lieutenant Mark Bristol was the officer on duty at the bridge, "and he lost no time says Admiral Philip, "when his quick eye discovered the signs of Ger-

vera's sally." Philip continued his story of that destructive sea fight, as seen from the Texas on that hot July Bunday morn along the Cuban coast. But the Texas's captain omits all referaboard the Texas, and in which the Christian sailor and gentleman bore

a conspicuously worthy part. Also on board of the Texas on that memorable morning was a correspondent of the Associated Press. By some of the references in this writer's long and interesting narrative of the exciting events of the day the inference is plain that the July 3d must have been an officer of the ship. At any rate, his story was written on the day of the conflict when the smoke of the battle had hardly blown itself away and when everything was fresh in his mind. "They used to call the Texas 'old

hero' will be good enough for us after this day." There is a good angel presiding | shouted: